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Loveland Stories in Verse



# Loveland Stories in Verse

BY

ELSIE M. MACKAY

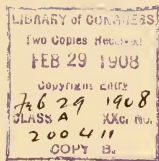
Illustrations by

JULIA WARNER MICHAEL

Washington, D. C.

The Washington Book and Art Shop

1907



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ELSIE M. MACKEY

THE McQUEEN PRESS  
WASHINGTON



*Lovingly Dedicated*

*To One who kindly told me,  
To One who gently showed me,  
To One who truly taught me—  
The Way to go to Loveland.*

*To All who truly want to know,  
To All who really want to go,  
To All who gently want to show—  
The Way to go to Loveland.*

E. M. M.



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"LIFE CLOTHED IN LOVE AND STAY'NCH TRUTH'S ARMOR WEARING."



# Loveland Stories in Verse



## LOVELAND'S SENTINEL

OUT through the mists of material learning  
Struggles a ray of Love's glorious light,  
Borne by a being whose great heart is yearning  
To bring to all men their spiritual sight.

Oft when in youth her sad tears were seen flow-  
ing,  
Weeping for weary ones tossing in woe;  
Giving man's remedies, while yet well knowing  
No power could save them that's known here  
below.

Many a time has her torch been kept burning,  
Seeking more knowledge throughout the dark  
night;  
Solving more problems, to cease thus hurrying  
Youth to an early grave through some new  
blight.

Courage at last, for herself she is pleading,  
Searching salvation within the one Book;  
Willing that Love should now guide her by lead-  
ing,  
Never with longing to matter doth look.

Soon came the answer, pure health to her bear-  
ing,  
Bringing a remedy for all men's woes,—  
Life clothed in Love and staunch Truth's armor  
wearing,  
Ready to battle material foes.

Sentinel now over all she is guarding —  
All who for one Life eternal will stand;  
Welcoming you, but all evil thoughts warding —  
Ever protecting our sacred Loveland.





"LITTLE MABEL MEEK MUST BOW,  
KNOWING TRUTH IS WITH HER NOW."

## STAND ON GUARD

PITTER, patter! goes the rain,  
Dashing 'gainst the window pane.  
Little Mabel gazes out,  
Wishing she could run about.  
Sorry looks? Come, chase away!  
Can not smile? Do try again!  
Flowers want a drink of rain;  
Error may hit you so hard  
If you do not stand on guard!

Flitter, flutter! toward the sky  
Skims a pretty butterfly.  
Little Mabel o'er the grass  
Gives it chase; when — ah, alas!  
Tumbles down. What, got a pain?  
Love's own child keeps no such claim!  
Tears flowing? Come, dry them quick!  
Don't let evil play a trick!  
Error may hit you so hard  
If you do not stand on guard!

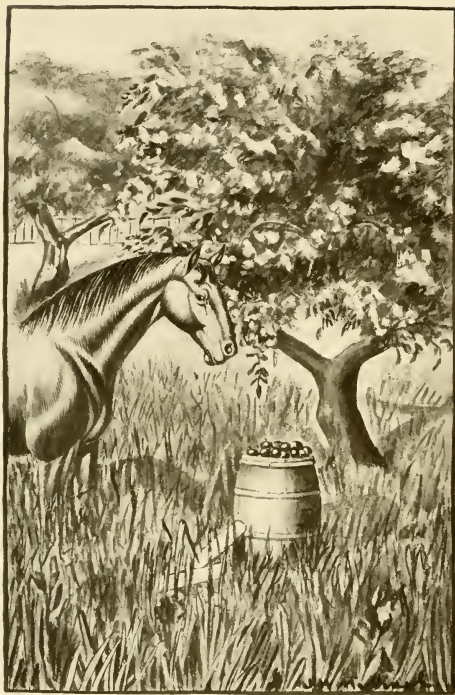
Buzzing busily through the tree,  
Hums a golden bumble-bee.  
Little Mabel stands afar,  
Till it settles on a flower.

Want to see? Afraid, you say?  
From his work he 'll ne'er delay.  
Do not touch or plague or tease,—  
Love's creation can but please.  
Error ne'er will hit you hard  
If you always stand on guard!

Skiping! hopping! hand in hand,  
Runs a merry, laughing band.  
Little Mabel leads in glee  
To her shady play-house tree.  
Pause in wonder—thoughtless boys  
Have destroyed the house and toys.  
Angry thoughts must not arise;  
Love's forgiveness you must prize.  
Error may hit you so hard  
If you do not stand on guard!

So when sorrow, pain, or fear,  
Bitter anger draws a tear,—  
Little Mabel meek must bow,  
Knowing Love is with you now.  
Never doubting! Truth, you know,  
Downs all evil with a blow.  
Tempting thoughts will run away  
If you silently will pray.  
Error can not hit you hard  
If you always stand on guard!





"OFF HE NOSED AND PUSHED THE BOARDS,  
CAREFUL NONE WERE SPILLED."



## SANDY

(A true story)

SANDY is a noble horse  
Of most perfect mold;  
His coat shines like satin cloth  
Of a reddish gold;  
And he seems to understand  
Everything he's told.

Sometimes he's allowed to run  
In the orchard, free.  
One day apples had been barreled,  
Covered carefully;  
All the small ones had been piled  
'Neath another tree.

Sandy soon discovered these  
And began to eat;  
Then the others he espied —  
What a lovely treat!  
We then watched what he would do,  
From our airy seat.

First he smelled to be quite sure  
'T was with apples filled;  
Off he nosed and pushed the boards,  
Careful none were spilled,—  
Just like some bright circus trick  
In which he 'd been drilled.

Then he chose the largest one,  
But we 'd seen enough.  
Down the ladder we fast climbed,  
Gave him a love cuff;  
Fast he scampered down the hill  
Till he 'd reached the bluff.

But no sooner were we safe  
In the tree-top hid,  
When he quietly came back  
And pushed off the lid;  
He three times did this same trick  
Without being bid.

We at last thought the best way  
Was to have him tied;  
So showed him a good strong rope,  
But at this he shied.  
Well he knew it would not break,  
For he 'd often tried.

Then we whispered, "Sandy, dear,  
You we'll surely tie;  
For you really are a tease  
And our patience try.  
Run along; we'll give you more  
Nice ones bye and bye."

Off he ran and ne'er returned  
Nor annoyed again.  
Don't you think he understood?  
For he made it plain  
By his actions; and we know  
Wanted to explain.

One day he was made to work  
Harnessed to a plow.  
This he did not like to do,  
So was naughty now;  
Tossed his head and soon was struck  
By a waving bough.

All next day his eye was closed,  
Swollen up so tight —  
To a doctor he must go,  
To explain this plight!  
I, in silence, knew the Truth  
Would reveal the Light.

Then his mistress said to me,  
    “Why not try your way?”  
So I whispered, “Sandy, dear,  
    Heed what I now say.”  
And next morning all was cleared  
    By Truth’s perfect ray.

\*           \*           \*           \*

God’s ideas all respond  
    To his call of love.  
Man may vainly judge himself  
    To be far above;  
But dominion should make him  
    Harmless as a dove.





"MADLY SHE RUSHED, NEVER PAUSING TO THINK  
OF A ONCE LAME LEG, IN HER SHEER SURPRISE"

## GOLDIE HEN

(A true story)

GOLDIE, our hen, over nine eggs was set,  
Fussing so fretfully all the day long;  
Anxious to hide all from cold and the wet —  
Vowing those eggs to be surely all wrong.

Darkness descends in a mist that 's so weird;  
Strange, woeful sounds echo now all around;  
Breathless, she listens to noises so feared —  
Wild foes may seek, and her nest soon be  
found!

Noises come nearer, until close beside —  
Truly, she hears a rat's fierce and shrill squeak!  
Nearer he creeps, yet in darkness still hides —  
Surely a pair of eyes sharply there peek!

Poor hungry rat softly steals in the nest,  
Aiming to take but one egg for his food.  
Wild angry Goldie feels him 'neath her breast,  
Pecks hard to shield her dear long-promised  
brood.

Quickly the rat seizing what seemed to him  
To be a firm, lovely, hard and round egg,—  
All hopes were doomed by a most fearful din,—  
Goldie's screams tells that he's nipped her leg.

Wildly he flees as a light flashes near,  
Borne by a farmer's brave, white-robed wife.  
Goldie still trembles and pecks in mad fear,  
Sure that a dozen rats now seek her life.

“Goldie Hen, hush! you're safe; now don't  
move!”  
(Gently she's borne, nest and all, from the  
yard.)  
“Trust this new brood her temper'll improve,  
She surely makes hatching a labor so hard.”

Out near the house the next day she is set,  
Eyeing her grain spread all out on the ground;  
Petting her leg, for she can not forget  
Old Error had caught and held it fast bound.

Pities herself — for some food she does need —  
With patient love keeps her eggs covered warm.  
Soon her kind mistress sees all and gives heed,  
Finds that the bondage is doing some harm.



Error seems trying to force a bad thought —  
One useless foot weakly under her bent—  
Firmly her mistress now vowed it was nought;  
Love this affliction had ne'er to her sent.

Each day she's lifted with care from the  
nest,  
Wisely encouraged to wander about.  
Her unselfed love now most truly is blessed,—  
Even the limp, loving Truth did soon rout.

Still silly Goldie will never attempt  
Stepping unaided from out of her nest;  
But every day she will linger content  
Till she is helped. We then vowed her a pest.

So it continues—about nearly noon  
Every day she is placed near her food.  
Fondly her mistress says, "Very soon  
She'll forget all in the care of her brood."

Still Goldie's borrowing troubles,—for, well,  
More were fast coming she knew, 'tis her  
luck.  
And she was right! Ah, 't is most sad to tell—  
Every chick proved a web-footed duck!

Goldie's false claim is now put to a test:—  
All of her babies are coaxed out to eat;  
Basins of water are placed near the nest,  
Which is to ducks, as you know, a great treat.

Quickly they enter to paddle and drink,  
Giving no heed to their strange mother's cries.  
Wildly she rushes, ne'er pausing to think  
Of a once lame leg, in her sheer surprise.

Round and around she goes, clucking to them,  
Warning each one they will get soaking wet.  
Merrily splashing, they duck and they swim;  
Goldie soon learns that 't is no use to fret.

\* \* \* \* \*

She 's also learned that worry brings care;  
Fear will send foes your firm valor to test;  
Plans that you make prove a frothy affair:  
Loveland shields all who love Peace and Truth  
best.





"A LITTLE DUTCH FRAI' ON A LADDER SO HIGH,  
STOOD BUSILY CLEANING THE CEILING OF DUST."

## NOTHING HAD HAPPENED

(A true story)

A LITTLE Dutch Frau, on a ladder so high,  
    Stood busily cleaning the ceiling of dust.  
She vowed that it everywhere seemed to fly,  
    But never a speck could you see, so we trust  
Her eyes were much quicker than ours are to spy.

She merrily sang, as she vigorously scrubbed,  
    A tune where our Father's great power is proved.  
And singing so fast, she still faster then rubbed,  
    Not pausing to see that her perch swayed and  
    moved,  
But rested secure in the Truth that she loved.

Soon seeing a speck afar out of her reach,—  
    And giving no heed to a hushed warning  
    thought  
That the tiny still voice ever tries to teach,—  
    She bends not her will—so comes trouble un-  
    sought,  
Reminds her to practice as well as to preach.

For down she now tumbles — her ladder had  
swayed.

But when she felt sure that she really must fall,  
She closed fast her eyes and so silently prayed

That nothing could happen to her now at all;  
And then never knew for how long she there  
laid.

When Mortal Mind's forced to release his false  
hold —

That's made her believe she must be in No-  
where —

She earnestly fought the old error so bold,

And firmly repeated her one silent prayer, —  
That nothing had happened in Loveland's strong  
fold.

Then slowly the thought dawned brightly and  
clear,

That if it was Truth she now held to so firm,  
Why nothing could harm, and she must never  
fear,

But prove it was ever no blank, wordy term, —  
For nothing had happened to one Love held  
dear.

So up she arose and went hard at her work,  
Both singing and praying with every step —  
Yet fighting the pains that still tried so to lurk,  
She proved nothing happened to one who had  
kept  
The Truth stoutly held, and no duty would shirk.

And so she worked on, until nearly night  
Her children came home to their late evening  
meal.  
Then she told them all of her fierce mortal fight;  
But one “Doubting Thomas” she showed and  
made feel,  
That nothing had happened in Spirit’s true sight!









"FAST COVERED EYES, MOUTH, AND THEIR ORGANS OF HEARING,  
AND EARNESTLY THEY SAID, 'NO EVIL WE KNOW.'"

## THE JAPANESE MESSAGE TO LOVELAND

THREE Japanese boys o'er their lessons were bent,  
All earnest and quiet one soft spring morning;  
When in came their tiny brown mother intent  
To hear them repeat her one wise daily warn-  
ing.

So up rose the little boys obedient;  
Fast covered eyes, mouth, and their organs of  
hearing,  
And earnestly then said, "No evil we know,  
See, hear, or will speak; thus no evil fearing,  
Our souls will remain ever pure as the snow."

Soon one little Jap to the army was sent;  
While there he repeated his fond mother's les-  
son.

Quite soon it was noticed that all were content  
These wise thoughts to use in the training ses-  
sion,  
As each soldier boy a prompt, ready ear bent,  
Then covered eyes, mouth, and their organs of  
hearing,  
And earnestly then said, "No evil we know,  
See, hear, or will speak; thus no evil fearing,  
Our souls will remain ever pure as the snow."

The second became a wise school-teacher stern,  
Who never forgot his dear mother's one blessing.

And when playful boys failed their lessons to learn,

Ne'er punished by scolding or other chastising;  
But made each recite to aid memory's return,

"We cover eyes, mouth, and our organs of hearing

And earnestly then say, no evil we know,

See, hear, or will speak; thus no evil fearing,  
Our souls will remain ever pure as the snow."

The youngest, who shunned all methodical work,  
Soon eagerly chose the fine art of wood-carving.  
While serious duties he ever would shirk,

Yet Loveland now learns of his wise mother  
darling.

In three wooden monkeys her message doth lurk:

"Fast cover eyes, mouth, and your organs of hearing,

And earnestly then say, no evil we know,

See, hear, or will speak; thus no evil fearing,  
Our souls will remain ever pure as the snow."





"FOR SHE HELPED EACH CHICK OUT BY HER BILL."

## SPECKLED TOP-KNOT

(A true story)

SPECKLED Top-knot 's picking all around,  
Scratching the pebbles and dusty ground;  
Musing how woeful seems her sad lot—  
Stealing her eggs is a wretched plot!

Wishing to have some dear chicks to love,  
She searches the barn and hay-loft above,  
Seeking some place to hide a new nest—  
Fruitless it seems will be her long quest.

She at last finds a hole in the floor,  
In a dark corner hid by a door.  
On Mother Earth, so quiet and warm,  
She scratches a nest to fit her plump form.

Every day an egg there she laid,  
Never a cackle or warning made;  
Until she sees there 's a goodly batch,  
When she began with patience to hatch.

Many a day cuddling o'er her eggs  
Wears all the feathers from off her legs.  
Her cup of mother-love grows so deep,  
When to her ears comes the first faint peep.

Her downy brood are now out their shells;  
Happy Top-knot in contentment dwells,  
Until she faces a problem new,—  
Puzzling it seems. Oh, what shall she do!

She easily jumps out upon the floor,  
Coaxing her babies to try once more.  
The tiny chicks hop upon their toes,  
Higher the floor is than any nose.

What can she do? Her chicks must have  
food!

Even now they're a most hungry brood—  
Some power answered,—was it Love's will?—  
For she helped each chick out by her bill!







"SHE SAID SHE GUESSED THAT SHE HAD BEEN SENT  
TO BRING US ALL TO LOVELAND."

## OUR NEW MA

BESS, Jim, and me had only one pa,  
'Cause our ma had gone to the sky  
(Our minister said), but I know ma  
Had no wings to help her to fly.

Bess kept the house for pa, me, and Jim;  
At night they came home real late.  
Sometimes pa went out, then Jim told him  
He 'd seen him talkin' to Kate.

Pa just laughed, but his face got all red:  
Kate's face got red too, sometimes,  
When I asked her what my pa had said  
When he helped her tie her clothes-lines.

She said maybe pa would tell some day;  
So I asked him that same night.  
He looked at me queer, then said, "Dear May,  
You'll know if Kate says, all right."

Now Kate lived next door, so I saw her  
Most every time I went out.  
She smiled so glad, I used to wonder  
What it could be all about.

Then I coaxed and teased her, please to do  
What my pa had wished or said.  
She give me a hug, then said, "For you!"  
And patted me on the head.

Next day my pa seemed so happy and glad,  
And squeezed me so very tight.  
But Kate wouldn't talk, and I got real mad —  
She sewed from morning till night.

One winter day we all went to church —  
'T was trimmed up with branches of trees;  
Kate looked just like a slender white birch,  
And pa looked so solemn and pleased.

That was the first time Kate had come there,  
'Cause her church was in a big hall.  
Folks, laughing, said, "'T is a fraud and a snare,  
She has no religion at all."

I thought it was nice, until Bess told me  
That Kate would now be our ma.  
Step-mas were mean, and I 'd soon see  
She 'd try to boss even pa!

When pa said to us, "Here 's your new ma;  
Give her a kiss now, my dear,"  
I said, "It 's Kate; she is not our ma!  
I won't say ma; don't want her here!"

Pa looked worried, but Kate shook her head  
And said, "Now, never you mind!  
Just call me Kate." Then to Bess she said,  
"You 'll show me where I can find—"

But Bess was mad and just answered back  
Before Kate could say it all,  
"I keep house for pa; you can just pack  
Your things right out in the hall!"

Pa started to speak, but Kate said, "Hush!"  
To Bess she said, very kind,  
"I 'll never bother, but when there 's a rush  
I 'll help and promise to mind."

Kate made me one day a pretty new dress;  
The girls then all stopped poking fun:  
I kissed her for it, and surprised Bess  
When I said "ma," and then run.

Kate always did just what Bess would say.  
At last Bess said she 'd be glad  
To play grand music, but pa couldn't pay;  
But she wanted to real bad.

Kate talked to pa and he said, "All right!  
Since there 's no doctor to pay."  
When Kate told Bess on that very same night,  
Bess called her "ma," right away.

When Jim got sick, Kate tried to tell him  
That God never sent sickness.  
Jim laughed and said that no such fool whim  
Would make him trust doctors less.

But when he got worse and the doctor said  
He'd got to cut him open,  
Jim said, "No, siree!" he wasn't dead;  
So guess he'd just stop all the dopin'.

Kate read to him from her little book,  
And talked real low most all day;  
And Jim got well; then Kate's hands he took,  
And said, "Dear ma!" right away.

But, best of all, was the way our pa  
Came home and never stumbled;  
Never got cross; but just said, "Ask ma,"  
When we got mean and grumbled.

When I asked Kate what made things so diff'-  
rent,  
Why every one was so grand?  
She said she guessed that she had been sent  
To bring us all to Loveland.





"KA'NE MY SISTER PANSY'S GOT DE SAME SWEET NAME."



## PANSY BLOSSOMS

PRETTY Pansy Blossom turns her gentle face  
To gaze enraptured at the golden sun:  
Over all the clouds its fading glories trace,  
A signal that another day is done.

Sadly then she murmurs, "Must all surely fade?"  
As brightest colors turned to silvery grey.  
Error then draws near her and a blight he laid,  
By tempting thoughts she can not drive away.

Drooping then she ponders o'er such harsh decree:  
True Love would never life give, then destroy!  
Tiny fingers pluck and lift her tenderly  
As this blessed hope old Sin tries to annoy.

"Pretty Pansy's faded!" cry her little friends,  
And quickly she is tossed upon the ground:  
Daint'ly floats a thistle-down, softly o'er her bends  
And gently hums, "Love's power will e'er  
abound."

Dusky Tot now pauses, and sweet Pansy sees  
The lovelight shining through two soft black eyes:  
Gently she is lifted, a caressing squeeze  
Revives sweet hope and quickly smothers lies.

Eagerly she listens to low-spoken words  
While swiftly borne through dark and dreary lanes,  
Where no flowers are blooming and no song of birds;  
But soft she hears, "You'll sure cure Pansy's  
pains!"

"'Ka'se my sister Pansy's got de same sweet name,  
She's longin' fer to see her sister flow'r:  
So dis am de bes' luck w'at has eber came!"  
And Pansy breathed, "Love is the only power!"

Now she's pressed with love against soft tremb-  
ling lips;

A tear-dimmed voice speaks low and faint,  
"Dear chile!"

As a fragrant scent in ecstasy she sips—  
"I knowed Tot sure 'ud fin' you after while."

Cuddling close together, both Love's Pansies sleep  
And dream of Pansies formed of glorious light:  
Dusky Tot stands watching, soft away does creep,  
And tells her mammy, "Pansies bof turned  
white!"

Comes the glad awakening,—Pansies hand in hand  
Now ope their eyes unto a world most bright:  
The same loved earth-forms, yet another land—  
Where all was darkness, now 't is all of light.

Gazing all about in growing wonderment,  
A being bright they see glides close beside.  
“Where are we?” they whispered, as she meekly  
bent.  
“In Love’s pure realm; but good may here abide.”

“Where is Mammy Blossom’s an’ our little street?  
For here all glows so lobly, sweet an’ bright.”  
“’T was a mortal concept; now your little feet  
May tread high planes where all receive their  
sight.”

“See, there’s little Jimmie! but his back’s all  
straight!  
An’ here’s my little dog, wif all his legs!  
There’s the smilin’ Chinese used to pass our gate  
When peddlin’ out his vegetables an’ eggs.

“I can see my mammy an’ dear little Tot,  
But ebery one is formed ob sparklin’ light.  
There’s the rich, grand lady, but a dim, dark blot  
Makes her light shine not quite so fair an’  
bright.”

“True it is, Love’s children only may reflect  
The clearest light when they of others think.  
All are Love’s own concept, therefore must perfect  
As they learn love and give the thirsty drink.”

Lovely flowers are blooming under shady trees,  
Where all before seemed dreary alley-ways;  
Not a dying branch now rattles in the breeze,  
Nor beast nor bird for tender mercy prays.

Pansy now asked wistfully what she was to do,  
As her sweet name-sake took a chosen place  
'Midst the sister blooms of every shade and hue  
That welcomed her with nods of mystic grace.

“ You must first heed Love’s voice and always obey,  
Then you may Love’s most precious gifts com-  
mand.

Grateful Thoughts will aid and teach you all the  
way

When you have joined Love’s happy pure-  
thought band.”

\* \* \* \* \*

So if all will listen with your hearts in tune

To Love’s forever-present truthful thoughts,  
Pretty Pansy Blossom’s sure to whisper soon,

“ True Love’s a precious gift that can’t be  
bought!

Aiming to receive, you give with liberal hand;

Your light to grow, you know you must not hide;  
Giving more away, the more you may command;  
Then you in perfect Loveland will abide!





FIG. 18.

## A WEEK IN LOVELAND

MONDAY is our washday, which dawns bright and clear:

We with care then cleanse our thoughts from every fear.

Tuesday is our day to iron what is washed:

Ugly errors press out until evil's hushed.

Wednesday is the day we all return our calls;

There we tell how loving Truth saves us from falls.

Thursday is the day when we mend up each hole:

Then we help each other to seek Heaven's goal.

Friday is the day when we sweep out and dust:

So we rout false beliefs; Love alone will trust.

Saturday is the day when all our cooking's done:

We preserve with care all good that we have won.

Sunday is the day for sacred thoughts and rest:

We praise Love for Life that Loveland's Truth has blessed.

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HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.



DEC 88

